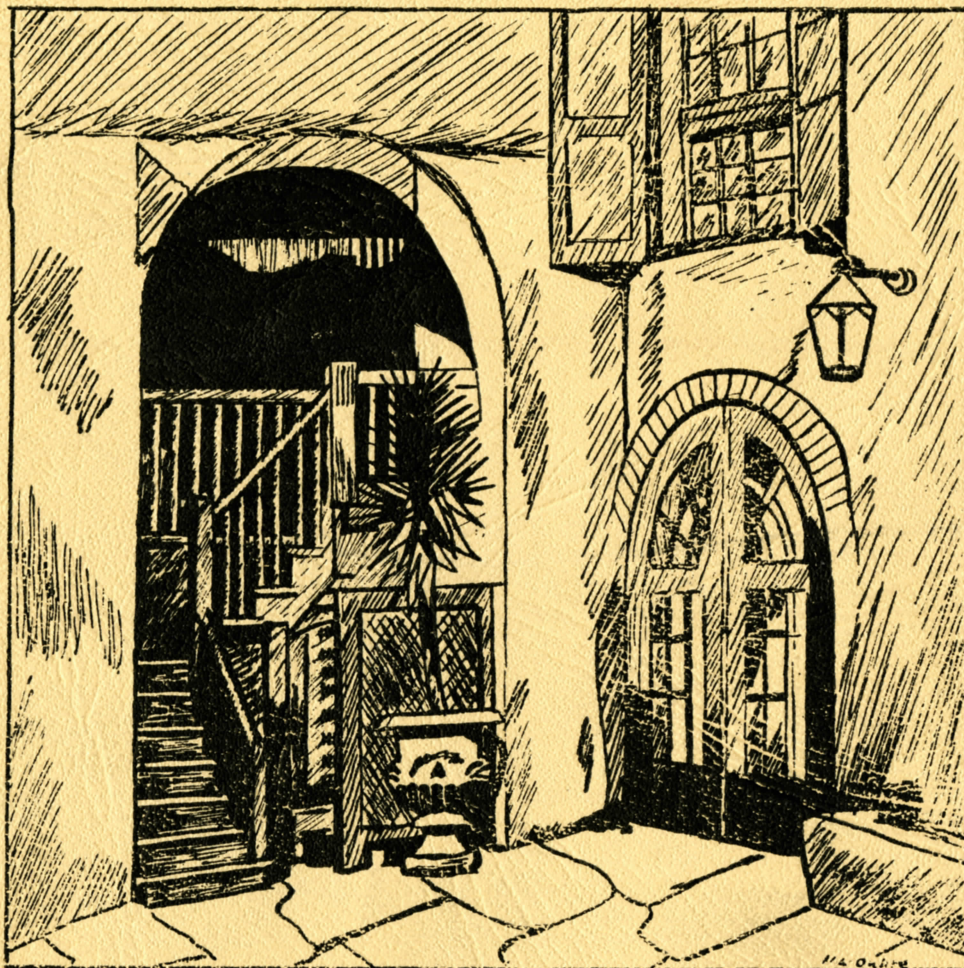


COURT BOUVILLON



DILLARD UNIVERSITY
WINTER QUARTER
1936



COURTBOUILLON

Published quarterly by the students of Dillard University

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DEDICATION

To the Faculty, whose labors have brought us enlarged vision, this issue of *Courtbouillon* is affectionately dedicated.

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WILLIAM STUART NELSON PRESIDENT OF DILLARD UNIVERSITY

On March 17, 1935, the Trustees announced the election of William Stuart Nelson to the presidency of Dillard University.

President Nelson is a native of Paris, Kentucky, having been born in that city in 1896. During the World War he saw service in France as a First Lieutenant in the American Expeditionary Force. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Howard University, and the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from Yale. He has studied extensively at the Union Theological Seminary, the University of Paris, and at the Universities of Berlin and Marburg.

President Nelson was appointed as a member of the Instructional staff of Howard University in 1924. In 1929 he became administrative assistant to Dr. Mordecai Johnson of Howard University. In July, 1931, President Nelson became President of Shaw University.

As the first Negro elected to head the second oldest Negro university in the South, President Nelson faced at Shaw problems of the utmost difficulty. He is universally credited with having rejuvenated that institution and brought it again to the forefront of the academic world. The vigor which characterized his administration of the internal affairs of Shaw was matched by the enthusiasm he generated in the Alumni and old supporters of the institution. To these faithful friends he brought new supporters and friends; increasing at the same time the reputation, the financial status, and the student body of this time-honored institution of higher learning. It was this achievement of President Nelson at Shaw that made Dr. Mordecai Johnson refer to the college as "one of the most hopeful places in Negro education today."

In an informal, brief appearance before the student body of Dillard University on the occasion of a recent visit to the University, President Nelson gave a stimulating impression of the long vistas of fruitful service in prospect for Dillard under his administration. If one word may convey the essence of that impression, it would be "Dignity"—the personal dignity of a great leader, the institutional dignity which is the due right of the Dillard University of the future.

If the accomplishments of the first and difficult year of Dillard History give students and faculty cause for a humble and contrite gratitude, the inspiration of the coming growth to the full stature of assured greatness which is before the University with the selection of William Stuart Nelson as President is productive of even greater gratitude. The morale of the institution has already been improved by the announcement of his selection; there is surety at last there will be no cessation in the continual enhancement of the University in the eyes of Dillard's friends, and of the world.

CALENDAR, SPRING QUARTER

March 25, Wednesday—12:00	University Assembly—Mr. George Schuyler, Lecturer, columnist; Arthor, "Black No More", "Slaves Today", etc.
March 30, Monday—8:15 P. M.	University Chorus—Presentation—Packson, Mississippi.
April 2d, 3d, Thursday, Friday	Dramatics Tour—Intercollegiate Exchange Presentations at Mobile and Tuskegee
April 3d, Friday—12:00	University Assembly—Dr. J. A. Hardin, President of the Federation of Civic Leagues
April 3d, Friday—8:15 P. M.	Recital—Southern University Orchestra
April 17, Friday—12:00	University Assembly—Mr. Ferdinand Rousseve, Professor of Fine Arts, Xavier University.
April 23, Thursday—8:00 P. M.	Session of the Annual Convention of the National Tuberculosis Association at Dillard Week beginning April 27 Arts Week—Special Mid-day programs, under direction of Miss Bettie Parham.
May 1, Friday—12:00	University Assembly—Miss Fannie Williams Principal, Valena C. Jones Normal and Practice School.
May 1-17	Tour by University Chorus under Direction of Frederick Hall
May 8, Friday—12:00	University Assembly—Mr. Lucien V. Alexis, Principal, McDonogh No. 35 High School. Author, "Fundamentals in Physics and in Chemistry", etc.
May 13, Wednesday	Concert, University Chorus, M. E. General Conference, Columbus, Ohio
May 21-22—Thursday and Friday	First Annual Out-door Presentation by the Dramatic Department
Dates to be announced:	Song Recital, Frank Harrison, Baritone Activities of Commencement week—June 6-12.

EDITORIAL

During the five months that Dillard has been operating many of the problems and difficulties that attended its opening have been largely resolved. Today, the school is working with a degree of smoothness that is definitely encouraging and that augurs well for its future. There is an increased respect for its policies among the students, with a consequent increase in loyalty to its ideals as they have worked themselves out during the first two quarters of the year. It is true that we still have some discontent on the campus, and this fact suggests that we should here and now indulge in some sound reflection on our situation.

There are some students who profess a profound disappointment in the school; who charge that Dillard has fallen short of the standards they had been led to believe would obtain here. One cannot help wondering if those students have neglected to discover and exploit those opportunities for which they clamor. We have seen the school weather the storm of criticism of her policies which emanated from some sections of the general public. We have also seen the Administration diplomatically ignore the vituperations of certain students whose invectives were unaccompanied by any suggested solution for the deficiencies against which they complained. One questions whether the disgruntled few on our campus have taken into consideration the part the student himself must perform in making his college career successful. It is impossible to get the most out of the life of any institution unless there is joy in working out the ideals of that institution. Dillard can be for us exactly what we help to make it. No student can get much from her who does not enter wholeheartedly into her spirit, her traditions, and her ideals.

Our justified disappointment at the limitation of an already seriously restricted program of activities should not prevent our participation in those activities that have been provided. For those of us who cannot find an adequate medium of expression in the present schedule of activities, there is the opportunity to institute new ones. Avenues of expression are still to be found in the programs of the liberal organizations that are now existent on the campus. Where these do not serve our needs we might inaugurate literary and scientific societies, art-craft clubs, history and race study-groups, interracial clubs, and many other such organizations which we might feel are needed at Dillard.

With such an unexplored wealth of opportunity for expression, there should be a cessation of our indulgence in the trivialities that have characterized our thinking during the past months. The benefits of such organizations are undisputed. They are congruous with the Dillard ideal. They can and will enable many of us to find our place in the program of our school. They may prove the things that will advance the capacity of our institution to serve Negro youth.

There is no restraint in the Dillard University library other than the demand for silence out of consideration for the other person's right to a quiet place to study, read, and think. For this reason, students in increasing numbers daily seek the atmosphere and facilities of the library and take a unique pride in its organization and service. They find here an air of cordial friendliness that is conducive to the successful prosecution of their studies. They realize that every effort is made to meet the needs of the individual student, while opening to all alike the resources centered in this unit of the University. Increasingly too, students are coming to feel that the books belong to them to be used freely, yet are to be regarded as precious possessions demanding the greatest care in handling as a safe-guard against loss and destruction. There are signs that some of them are thoughtful of those students who will frequent the library in coming years, and they are therefore attempting to cooperate with the library staff in observing all the rules which govern the use of the books.

The library is the center of the plan of education that has been instituted here at Dillard University. It is reasonably well-appointed, is invariably clean and orderly, and under the supervision of Miss Carothers, the librarian, its administration is unsurpassed by that of any small college library in the entire country. It contains a small, but select collection of volumes. Whenever needed material is not found on its shelves, the librarian has been at pains to secure it, if possible, from other sources: from the Howard Memorial Library of New Orleans, and from the Tulane University collection. For all these things the student here is deeply grateful. However, every observing Dillard student senses two serious deficiencies in connection with our library.

First, under the present arrangement for its housing, the library can never render the service that it should. Situated in the basement of the Administration building, its reading room is entirely inadequate. On cold, grey days in winter there is insufficient natural light. The radiators are all placed overhead, an arrangement that never permits one's feet to become properly warm. If the weather is mild and the windows are opened, noises from the outside pour in and provide a serious distraction for the student who is trying to study.

Second, the library needs a much larger collection of books than has been provided. One hears the complaint of teachers that they cannot make the assignments they would like because of the scarcity of books in the library. Students themselves can attest that often when they have urgent need of a book they are unable to secure it; the volume is either not on our shelves or it is being used by someone else. One can afford to wait for some volumes to be returned by other borrowers, but there is a plain need for duplicates of those books which are most constantly in demand.

It is the sincere hope of every thoughtful Dillard student that in planning for the operation of the University, the Trustees will try to repair these two deficiencies. The University needs a separate library building, one planned for the most efficient operation under the dictates of modern library science. The University also needs thousands of additional books. Good needs are imperative; it is our hope that they may speedily be answered.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE VIEUX CARRE

First-time visitors to the Vieux Carre, the Old French Quarter in New Orleans, will find much to interest them. It is a section that has a flavor peculiarly its own. Nowhere else in America is there anything quite like it. One turns from busy, modern Canal Street into a score of city squares that seem taken from some European country, for here the buildings, the shops, the very streets themselves are all different. The thriving commercial atmosphere of the modern city gives way to a placid tempo of life in this older section. Snatches of patois drift through the doorways and puzzle the student whose French or Spanish has been learned in the schoolroom. Above all, one is conscious of a past rich in history as he rambles through the old city.

If we enter the Rue Royale, or Royal Street, at the intersection of Canal Street we will come first upon a bustling square of restaurants, oyster-bars and a large modern hotel. These are swiftly passed and we take a more leisurely pace in the second block, for here we pause before the window of an antique shop filled with bric-a-brac and pieces of old furniture. There are numerous shops of this kind along either side of the street, as well as curio stores and old-book shops. We are free to browse over the old, worn copies of French books on display in the open shelves before the shops, or we may enter one of the numerous *parfumeries* devoted to the dispensing of scents for milady's boudoir.

Among the buildings that claim attention are several that impress us with their suggestion of antiquity. Indeed, we learn that they are very old, having been erected as early as

1804, and each has some interesting historical association. Most of the older buildings have housed famous personalities: Paul Morphy, world-famous chess player; Adelina Patti, golden-voiced singer; General Zachary, and others less well-known. Extremely interesting is the Christian Woman's Exchange in St. Louis Street. The building was once known as the Grima house, after the family which occupied it. The small door set within the large *porte cochere* is still opened with the massive iron key that was first fashioned for it over a century ago. In the rear of the courtyard stands the large iron tank which once supplied the dwelling with water through an ingenious arrangement of pipes.

Some of the homes of early settlers in the Old Quarter have been diverted to strange modern uses, though a few still serve their original purposes. One of the latter is the old Ursulines Convent, the oldest building in the Mississippi Valley. Others, however, now house needy men and boys; their high-ceilinged salons which once echoed to gay music and laughter are now filled with the tales of those who have been caught in the web of the depression. Throughout the Quarter, one gets an impression of decay and faded elegance. But despite the touches of time that have left their impress on the old section, there is yet much of beauty and dignity on every hand. It has been rightly said that there is more of romance in the Vieux Carre of New Orleans than in any other city in America. We are all aware, too, how sadly we need this quality in our matter-of-fact modern world.

Hermine Green, '39.

A NOTE ON GALLERIES

A gallery may be an elevated floor within a church, theatre, or any other building; or it may be a room used for the display of *objects d'art*. But when used in connection with the Vieux Carre, the old French section of New Orleans, the word "gallery" connotes something very different. In the Old Quarter of this city numerous balconies overhang the sidewalks, or "banquettes" as they are called locally, and catch the eye of the pedestrian with their delicately wrought iron-work trimmings. In this old-world city no one refers to these balconies by that name; here they are invariably called galleries. A large part of the charm of the old section of New Orleans is furnished by these projecting vestiges of the architecture of an earlier day.

Supported by quaint iron posts, the galleries over-shadow the narrow streets and arrest the attention by their intricate patterns. The iron railings and the "screens" at the outer corners often contain beautifully figured designs. Here is a panel holding in its center a *fleur-de-lis*, with a maze of vines surrounding it, the delicate tendrils of which climb to the cornice and are there interlaced with the oak-leaf pattern of the fringe which runs along the eaves. In another place one's glance is held by the lace-like banisters which contain an infinite variety of geometric patterns. Almost every house in the older streets has its gallery and seldom is the design of the iron-work duplicated.

We are told that the galleries of the Old Quarter were not merely ornamental in the old days; that they served a distinct social function for inhabitants of those narrow,

tortuous streets over which they were erected. On sultry summer evenings, when there was scarcely a breath of air stirring in the depth of the flagged-paved courtyards of the old houses, the Creole women resorted to the galleries for their *chocolat* and here exchanged the small-talk and *plaisanterie* which made so large a part of their lives. Occasionally, a snatch of song floated up from the cafe where the gallants had gathered to sip their sweet liqueurs. Then the wary old chaperon watched her young charge sharply, lest a whispered word from below should summon her to the fountain in the courtyard, while her guardian dozed in her chair.

The artistry that wrought the old iron-work on the balconies is now completely lost. Some say that expert workmen from France came early to the Louisiana colony and taught black slaves their art. The worker soon surpassed the master in deftness and in imagination, and those black men left the beauty that now is one of the chief elements of charm in the Vieux Carre. The city is justly proud of her galleries, those "sylvan historians" which hold for us the romance of the long-ago.

Florice Brazley, '39.

It seems to me that it is in this process of doing things with the aim to perfection that real education comes. The Institution which inspires, promotes, demands and rewards this kind of work is a really educational Institution.

James Hardy Dillard

MUSIC ACTIVITIES

Living up to its general purpose, "... of better serving the school and the community to the end of maintaining higher standards in music and general culture for all," the Dillard Music Club, under the direction of Mr. Hall, has achieved distinction in the few months that have passed since the Club was organized. The close of the Autumn Quarter was marked by the rendition of "The Messiah" as the main feature of the first annual Christmas Musicales. The singing of Christmas carols, dating from the Middle Ages, in a *capella* antiphonal style, received many encouraging comments from the audience which packed the chapel to overflowing. A part of this same program was repeated for a delegation of lawyers attending the Convention of the Deans of American Law Schools. The *a capella* singing of the difficult "Hallelujah Chorus" drew the especial approval of the delegates.

The establishment of a tradition to offer seasonal music at such times as Thanksgiving, Christmas, Mardi Gras, and Easter is another of the goals sought by the music organization at Dillard. The first Mardi Gras concert came on February 20. This program was sponsored by more than two hundred music loving patrons in New Orleans. The program was given for the students on the following night, February 21. The principal scenes from Coleridge-Taylor's "Death of Minnehaha" marked the high point of the music sung on these occasions.

Before a large and appreciative audience of whites, a special program of Folk-Songs, Spirituals, and the "Song of Thanksgiving" by Maunder were presented to show the appreciation of the University for the more

than two hundred thousand dollars contributed by local citizens toward the establishment of this institution. This program came early in February at the city's second largest auditorium. Critics of the leading daily newspapers lauded the excellence of the singing. On February 23, Mr. Hall was presented by the "B-Sharp Music Club" as guest artist in a recital of original piano compositions. He was assisted by Mr. John Wilson, violinist of the music department, and by the *a capella* choir which sang original compositions by Mr. Hall. Every seat in the Xavier University Auditorium was taken, and hundreds stood throughout the recital.

The University Chorus will take its first out-of-town trip on March 30 to appear in Jackson, Mississippi. May 1 a special group will leave on an extended tour to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Columbus, Ohio. Programs will be given at Meridian, Mississippi; Birmingham, Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia; Knoxville; and Chattanooga in Tennessee. Louisville, Kentucky; and Cincinnati, Ohio. The appearance at the General Conference is sponsored by the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the special production, "Heritage," which the group will render is chosen by the Board to represent the work in all of the schools under its auspices.

Mrs. Edgar B. Stern, wife of the President of the Board of Trustees, recently made possible the purchase of orchestral instruments. In the near future it is hoped that this phase of the music activities on the campus will have developed to such an extent that formal programs may be presented.

PLAYERS' GUILD ACTIVITIES

Since the beginning of the new year, the Dillard University Players' Guild has presented a series of programs that have definitely established the organization as a contributor to the expanding cultural activities of New Orleans. Three original one-act plays by James D. Browne, the President of the Guild, constituted the first production of the 1936 season. The plays, presented January 17 and 18, were "Church Wife," a domestic tragedy of a young minister and his show-girl wife; "The Woman in Grey," a humorous treatment of a college fraternity initiation; and "Arctic Glory," a stark tragedy of the crew of a whaling schooner icebound in the Polar Sea. The production was an experimental one designed to test the work done in the classes in play-writing.

As a climax to the celebration of Negro History Week at Dillard University, the Players' Guild presented three Negro historical plays by Negro authors. Mae Miller's "Harriet Tubman" recounted an exciting incident in the career of the courageous underground-railway worker in her effort to lead her fellow slaves from Maryland to freedom. "Attucks, The Martyr," by Willis Richardson, gave a vivid picture of the revolutionary leader and martyr of the Boston Massacre. Professor Edmonds' "Nat Turner" powerfully and effectively portrayed the insurrectionist plantation-preacher and mystic, whose belief that he was ordained by God to free his people led him to organize and carry out the famous "Nat Turner Rebellion." All three of the plays portrayed the bravery, the daring, and the aspiration of the Negro for freedom, thus affording New Orleanians an opportunity of seeing a rarely presented side of Negro life and character.

Ten

On February 26 and 27 the Players' Guild sponsored the first inter-collegiate conference on the Dramatic and Speech Arts ever held at a Negro college in the South. Over fifty delegates, representing nineteen leading colleges and universities in this section, attended the conference. A temporary organization called "The Southern Association of Dramatic and Speech Arts" was formed, with Professor S. Randolph Edmonds, head of the Drama Department at Dillard, as President and Miss Anne Cook, director of Dramatics at Spelman College, as Secretary. It is expected that the organization will become a permanent one in the near future.

Among the many speakers and session leaders of the conference were President M. J. Dogan of Wiley College, Dr. C. M. Wise of the Speech Department at Louisiana State University, and the directors of dramatic activities at Tuskegee, Fisk, Spelman, Talladega, Florida A. & M., and Dillard. Two of the features of the conference were a candlelight memorial service for the late Richard B. Harrison, star of the drama "Green Pastures," and a production of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" by the Tuskegee Players. Speakers at the memorial services were Messrs. Turner and Moses, director of dramatics at Florida A. & M. and head of the English department at Dillard, respectively; and Mrs. R. E. Jones of New Orleans, a warm friend of the late Mr. Harrison.

The presentation of the Tuskegee Players marked the beginning of a movement to establish an intercollegiate dramatic exchange program among southern colleges, the exchanges to be effected each year.

The Dillard Players' Guild will present a group of three one-act plays at Tuskegee on April 3.

Traverse Crawford, '37.

LYCEUM NOTES

The chapel service on Fridays has been reserved by the University for the presentation to the students and friends of Dillard of men and women distinguished in the arts and in public life. Nothing in the program of the University has been more instructive and helpful than these presentations. Since the close of the first quarter there have been some unusually fine addresses delivered at the Friday morning service, as well as some others on Sunday evenings in the Refectory. Student musical organizations have collaborated in making these occasions richly helpful.

Early in January Dr. Otto Nathan of Germany, spoke on "The Political and Economic Situation in Europe." Dr. Nathan comes from the universities of Weuzberg, Freiburg, and Munich, and was, until his expulsion from Germany because of his political beliefs, an economic advisor to the German Government. Since coming to this country in 1933, Dr. Nathan has been a member of the faculties of Economics at Princeton University and at New York University. At the time of his appearance at Dillard, he was on a lecture appointment at Louisiana State University. As is frequently done, the students were given opportunity to ask questions of the speaker at the close of his address.

Among the speakers who appeared in February were Dr. W. C. Caldwell of the Bureau of Education of the Federal Government, Father Hugh J. Conahan, of the Philosophy Department at Xavier Univer-

sity, Mr. George White, field secretary of the American Missionary Association, the Reverend A. P. Shaw, Editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate, and Mrs. Ellen Shipman of Boston. Dr. Caldwell spoke out of his many years of experience in helping to shape educational trends in this country, and stressed some of the developments in contemporary education. Father Conahan, Mr. White, and Dr. Shaw all brought thought-provoking addresses. Mrs. Shipman's address was illustrated with slides and pertained to gardening as a profession. She was introduced by Mr. Edgar B. Stern, President of the Dillard Board of Trustees, who is himself a garden enthusiast. The chorus sang Del Riego's "Thank God for a Garden" at the close of her talk.

Among the Sunday speakers, the most stimulating address was that of Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who came to our Refectory on February 2. His topic was "The Lack of Social Imagination" and gave him opportunity to voice his views of race relations in the United States. Again, the students, faculty, and friends were permitted to question the speaker at the close of the address. Bishop McConnell was one of the speakers who have been presented, under the auspices of the League for Industrial Democracy, before large audiences in the city. Several other speakers of this group have also appeared on Sundays at Dillard.

Benjamin Cooper, '37.

NEGRO HISTORY WEEK

Negro History Week was celebrated at Dillard University, February 9-14, through a series of chapel programs, a radio broadcast, a presentation of three Negro histori-

cal plays, and a traveling exhibit of African art. All who witnessed the exercises of the celebration had a more intelligent view of the contributions the Negro peoples have made to the development of civilization.

Eleven

The students presented the first program of the week in chapel on Monday, February 10. Negro music and poetry, and a brief discussion of the contributions of the race to American life comprised the program. The audience stood for a moment in silent protest as "the Scottsboro boys" filed across the platform. In the afternoon, Professor Reddick of the History Department delivered a brief address from radio station WSMB on the subject, "Negro History for Us All." He emphasized that American citizens, white and black, should read Negro history for a true comprehension of American history. "Without this knowledge," he said, "there can be no understanding of American life as it has come to be." The male quartet sang several Negro folk-songs on the program.

On Wednesday, February 12, Dean Bond conducted a forum on the topic, "The Negro in World Chaos." Professor Reddick furnished an outline of an ideology for the black peoples of the world, giving also a keen analysis of the recent movements among Negroes and an evaluation of the leaders of those movements. The male quartet again furnished appropriate music for the program.

Friday, February 14, brought to the chapel platform two ex-slaves, Assistant U. S. Marshal T. I. Galbraith, aged 84, and Mr. E. D. Burke, aged 87. Both of them gave vivid pictures of slave life on southern plantations before the Civil War. The male octet sang Negro music for this program. In the evening, three dramas of Negro life recorded the chapters written in American history

by Crispus Attucks, Harriet Tubman, and Nat Turner.

In addition to the formal programs outlined above, there were lectures by specially invited speakers, including Dr. H. C. Nixon, W. M. Mitchell, and Mr. George Doyle. Each of them brought a fresh discussion of some phase of Negro achievement in American life. Lyle Saxon, an eminent writer, spoke of a project he is at present working on that looks to the illumination of the part Negroes have played in Louisiana history. Mr. Carlos Guzman, a full-blooded Mexican Indian, gave some interesting angles of the lot of the darker peoples in his country.

All through the week there was exhibited an unusually fine collection of portraits of primitive African art pieces, which included gold-weights, tribal and ceremonial masks, head-rests, stools, and other carvings. The exhibition was loaned to the University for the week by the Carnegie Foundation, and attracted art lovers and art students from the entire community. The original pieces were photographed in New York last year at the close of an exhibition which attracted wide attention.

The observation of Negro History Week at Dillard has resulted in an increased consciousness among students and faculty of the importance of a study of Negro achievement. It is planned to make the observance an annual affair at Dillard and to build around it the University's approach to the problems of the Negro in contemporary civilization.

Joseph Adkins, '36.

SHALL WE HAVE ATHLETICS?

Dillard University has followed a set policy of subordination of athletics to other activities on its campus, curricular and extra-

curricular. Its athletic program up until now has been marked by half-hearted support from the University, which policy has re-

sulted in inefficiency in inter-collegiate competition. It is common talk in the community that Dillard can't offer serious competition to other schools nearby. Dillard students are constantly taunted with our miserable showing on the gridiron last fall, and they have but one weapon of defense, the silly statement that "Dillard does not stress athletics." A silly statement? Rather, a true one; an abject apology.

Students at Dillard dislike to have to apologize for anything that bears the name of Dillard; we would like to feel proud of anything that is sponsored under her colors. We are tired of offering alibis for our inadequate athletic program. We have been able to wear our heads rather high when there is any discussion of music or dramatic or journalistic activities in this community; but we have had to hang our heads rather shamefully when there is discussion of an athletic program. We just can't take all the jibes that are sent at us by the critics of our school without some sort of rejoinder on our part; consequently, we lamely offer the statement that we don't stress athletics at Dillard. And we hate ourselves every time we do so.

It seems that Dillard is destined to be exalted, on the one hand, through having certain activities to which it lends its full support, and that it will be forever shamed, on the other hand, because of its poorly supported athletic program. We are fully aware that there are some small colleges in the United States that have entirely given up their programs of inter-collegiate athletics. The students in those colleges are spared the ignomy that we must suffer here; when they say that their schools "do not stress athletics" they can say so with a certain kind of pride. They make no pretense of having any athletic programs and are

therefore thoroughly honest when they say that they put no emphasis on this phase of college activity. Their policies suggest a line that we can profitably follow at Dillard.

We can have a splendid school here without any inter-collegiate competition. A big athletic program is not essential to the well-being of this or any other college. It were better far to give up our program of inter-collegiate competition than to have a make-shift program, one that reflects no credit upon the name of our school. It is not consistent with the Dillard ideal to sponsor any activity that can not reflect its full measure of glory upon the University. The splendid achievements of the students in the field of music, or dramatics, or journalism will be completely nullified if we are to continue an ineffectual program of athletics. If we are to have athletic competition with our neighbors, then we should take whatever steps are necessary to insure our competition with them on a basis of equality. If we can't do this, then let us surrender every claim of having competitive sports.

I believe that we *can* have at Dillard a program of competitive sports that will do full credit to the University. I believe, too, that we can have such a program without in the least doing violence to the Dillard ideal of a higher type of education. An adequate athletic program is no more inconsistent with the interests of real education than it is necessary to them. Let us have the matter settled one way or the other. If we are going to carry on a competitive program, let us do it with the same enthusiasm with which we conduct other activities at Dillard. If we can't do this, let us drop our athletic program entirely.

Frederick D. Jenkins, '39.

WHITHER SENIORS?

The end of the final year of the four-year vacation which college students are charged with enjoying is fast approaching. It is proper, therefore, that we pause here to give some thought to the future. At some time during May and June, colleges and universities all over this land will be graduating thousands of students like the Seniors here at Dillard. One cannot help wondering what this army of young men and women will find to do. They will go out from the college halls, armed with their diplomas and some rather lofty ideals that they will discover are not at all wanted in the work-a-day world. And they will have to enter into the "dog-eat-dog" fight for subsistence with their fellows, most of whom have not perhaps been to college but who will have a distinct advantage because of having had to rub elbows with life while we were sheltered within our colleges.

Educators tell us we will have to adjust ourselves to the passing show as we have been taught to do in college. But they fail to take into consideration the fact that activity under normal conditions in the world outside the college walls is vastly different from the controlled experiences we have acquired in college. Here, we have had our activities largely planned for us, and we have in reality been given but scant opportunity to try to put our theories to the test. Outside, we will have to make our adjustments through a trial-and-error approach, and unless we get more "breaks" than usually come to the graduate, we will get some pretty hard knocks before we find ourselves and our places in the currents of modern life. We will have to seek the truth of this complex, ever-changing civilization of which we are a part for ourselves; only

incidentally will our scholastic training enable us to wrestle with the problems that await us.

In this chaotic world of dictatorships, threats of war, alphabetical agencies of government, national economic depressions, and world-wide discontent, a graduate of today has very little to look forward to in the way of sympathy and encouragement. Lacking the assurance that our education will provide a bulwark against the buffetings of a hostile world, what remains to us?

It seems to me that, pre-eminently, we will have to face the future with our chins up and with a determination to "carry on" as best we can. The British have an expression for the thing I have in mind; it is to "muddle through." Now muddling through does not imply blindly stumbling through; on the contrary, it does imply to think our next steps while we are somehow holding on through sheer courage to the concern of the moment. If our college training has any real value, it should lie just here. It should have given us something that will enable us to square our shoulders when the going gets particularly rough, a something that we should have acquired on the gridiron, and in the classroom or laboratory. If our Greek and Trigonometry and Literature and Biology should prove ineffectual when we enter into the struggle for subsistence, then let us be thankful that we have that "something" gained through wrestling with those very subjects to help us through. I believe the Seniors at Dillard have acquired that added something and that they will be able to do their bit wherever life may call them. And so to them, I can but say with Browning:

"Fight on! fare ever there as here!"

Altom M. Childs, '36.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI

by

Lawrence G. Carter.

"Bong-bong, bong-bong," clanged the big bell. "Hey, back there, make fast that line an' let's git goin'," barked Captain Dudley as he glowered at the roustabouts, his "niggers" as he called them, who scurried about the deck to their places. Sugar, rice, and cotton had to be loaded and a shipment of mules had to be unloaded. Captain Dudley was behind schedule. His boat had been held up in the treacherous water, "the steamboats' grave-yard," off Henderson Point, but he could depend on his "niggers" to put him back on schedule. They were the best roustabouts on the Mississippi. Most of them had been with him for years, except "Schoolboy," who, though young, was an exceptionally good worker.

"All right, Big Jake, git 'em goin' there, git 'em goin'," bellowed the Captain. "We rolled in kinda late, so we've gotta 'hip and hey.'" He grunted some other commands and strutted toward some of the guest passengers.

"Stage's down, boys; let 'er go," yelled Big Jake, the head stevedore. "Gimme a song, 'Black.' Say, you, swing yo' hides in hyeah. We ain't gonna hole dese sacks all day. 'Black,' is we gittin' dat song?"

"Yas, suh," replied the man called 'Black,' "an' on de rabbit's back." The song broke from his lips, a wavering monotone in a minor key, and was caught up instantly by the chorus of voices.

"Gotta gal up de river,
And she wan come down;
Gonna kill ma black gal,
Den jump o'board and drown—
O'board and drown."

"That singing is beautiful," exclaimed a woman passenger as she leaned over the railing on the upper deck and watched the straining Negroes on the stage below. "The rhythm, the shading, and the harmony are well-nigh perfect!"

"Tomorrow's pay-day.

How d' you no?

Cap'n tole de kitchen-boy,

An' he tole me so."

A man who was standing beside the woman at the railing watched the laborers with admiration, and remarked: "Their very movements are rhythmical. Look at that buck there lifting the bale; watch how those black, velvet muscles ripple when he bends his back."

"Yes, Sir! I've the best niggers on the river," beamed Captain Dudley.

"What is the name of that swing they are doing, Captain?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, that's called 'The Coon Jig,'" replied the Captain.

"So this is roustabouting on the river," mused the woman.

"Yes, Ma'm," grunted the Captain; "just like in the old days."

"Git yo' load an' git 'way," Big Jake fired at a tired worker. "Swing 'long, dammit! Le's 'Coon Jig' dese las' few sacks fum hyeah." The sweating column of black bodies flowed without a break across the stage, up the embankment, and down on to the deck again.

"Ah's damn glad dat's de las' one," sighed a wearied 'roustie' sinking down on a convenient hogshead. "Bong-bong," boomed the bell, giving the signal to take in all lines.

"Hey-ho," chanted the men as they tugged at the lines. The boat puffed backwards and then headed up the river.

"By' babe, see yo' w'en ah gits back. Ah's goin' up de river an' tote mo' sack," one of the roustabouts shouted to a little knot of women who were waving from the landing.

"Man! ah shore is glad dat's done," said "Black." "You no sumpn, ah mus' be git-tin' too ol' fo dis river." Then, in response to an invitation to join in a dice game, he continued: "Naw, ah ain't shootin' no craps; ah's tiahed."

"You ain't tire, nigger; you is broke, 'cept dat gal's at Natchez money, an' you no y' better keep dat," grinned Jake as he dug into his pocket for the dice. "Ah shoots fo'ty-five cents, a coast pistol," he challenged his fellows while waving a small roll of greasy bills in one fist.

"You's paid to go, Jake," answered "Schoolboy" as he covered the wager, "and roll dose dice, don't slide 'em." The steamboat whistle blew hoarsely for an approaching vessel and the boat itself trembled from stem to stern from those three throaty blasts. "Yo' shot, Skinner, and don't choke 'em," screamed "Schoolboy," trying to make himself heard above the noise of the whistle. The fine old river packet, *The Tennessee Belle*, plowed its way steadily on up the river.

Brown water swirled past the squat sides of the packet and splashed noisily over the giant paddle-wheel at the stern. A copper-colored sun sank slowly towards the willows nestling behind the levee on the port side of the boat, and touched with flame the graceful white pillars of an old plantation house that brooded over rows of cotton plants just bursting into bloom. Cool shadows reached out across the current and wrapped the old

river in an inexpressible calm. "Black," sprawled on a cotton bale on the forward deck, lay musing on the lot of the roustabout. "Work, work, an' den mo' work. Work twell yo' back's bustin' an' yo feet's er-aching. An' all y' gits out er it is a mess er side-meat, molasses, an' co'n-bread. Lawd! us po' niggers sho ketches hell." Then a song slipped from his lips, floated out over the river, and was lost in the blackness that came stealing from the fields beyond the embankment:

"O' Lawd, she a-blowin' fer a boat
Dat's comin' 'round de ben';
An' she ain't doin' nothin'
But killin' up men—
O' Lawd, but killin' up men."

Editor's Note: The sketch printed above is authentic, the writer having spent one summer on a river packet to earn his tuition for the following year. The expressions he uses are genuine roustabout terms; e. g., "on de rabbit's back" is the equivalent of "right away." "A coast pistol" might be interpreted as a forty-five calibre Colt's pistol. As used here, it represents the association in the river man's mind of the gun with his forty-five cents wager. We are grateful to Mr. Carter for this sketch. May we have more like it.

THE UNIVERSITY ANTHEM

Why doesn't Dillard University have an anthem? Why hasn't some student written one? There was talk in the autumn quarter of attempting to produce a college hymn through competition. Why can't we sponsor such an effort for the spring? The classes in creative writing should cooperate with the Music Department to achieve this end. Let's get together and compose one.

PICKET LINE

By James D. Browne

The line, a sinuous column of wraith-like figures in the grey morning fog, had begun to move. The morning was piercingly cold. It was the thick, wet coldness that seeps down into the West Virginia valleys during the night and soaks into the ground, crusting it with sharp icy stumps. The spectral figures of the marchers stumbled blindly through the fog. Tall shadows loomed hazily behind the damp curtain. Those were the cranes and the tops of the mine shafts that were just becoming visible. The line did not get close to them, however. They were a part of The Company's property, and any of the strikers would willingly have knocked a bolt or lever out of place. To guard against any such manifestation of their justified indignation, The Company had erected a tall steel-wire fence around the mine shacks. It was outside this fence that the line moved slowly, weary of tramping day after day over the cold, unyielding earth.

The mist had begun to rise. Thin, streaked wisps of it drifted upward toward the wet, grey clouds. Gradually, the figures in the line lost their wraith-like appearance, became dimly discernible. Gaunt, unsmiling faces appeared in seemingly endless repetition. Yet, there were only thirty-two of them. Tony Sallato, the tall one with the hacking cough, said that when the mine closed down nine weeks ago there had been nearly seventy. He didn't say it in just those words. His is a broken English that still betrays the slurring softness of his mother-tongue. Between spells of dry coughing he told us that one by one the miners had taken their families and had moved into Ferrington. With shame, he said that more than a few had gone over to the scabs.

By the time the cold sun had begun to pierce through the fog the line had reached number four shaft. It was a strangely silent group that moved past the fence. Not even the sun gave any warmth to the frozen, hopeless look that seamed the faces of the marchers. Tall ones with shoulders drawn low to keep out the cold; shorter ones muffled in heavy coats; girls adorned in the remnants of the cheap finery that the Commissary had sold before the strike—all of them, old and young, trudged heavily around the fence. None of their faces showed any hope. They had nothing else to do, and this walking was better than sitting hungry on the Commissary steps—waiting.

That was Horko who just passed. He was a giant with a crisp shock of bristly hair. His feet were wrapped in old bags; his shoes were left at the shack for his wife, Lena. She hadn't been in the line since the baby came three weeks ago. Before that, she was there every day, even when the older women told her she should be out of the cold and dampness. She couldn't understand why they had wanted her to leave Horko. She had been cold, too, but Horko had looked so big and brave in the line that she had come just to follow him. It hadn't been easy for her toward the last. Her burden had become too heavy for her thin frame. One morning she was unable to follow her mate. The pains had started, so he went out alone, leaving the half-blinded Maria to look after her. The baby had died after a few hours. Lena would die soon, too, they said, if she didn't have a doctor. But doctors cost money, and Horko knew that only rich people had doctors, anyway. He didn't like to think of Lena dying. She should have been strong like the other women. He felt

ashamed around the men because their women had been able to give them big families—families of boys, too—and Lena couldn't even bear a girl without needing a doctor. There were many things that got muddled in Horko's head when he tried to think about these things. He didn't understand all they told him, and it hurt his head for him to try, so he just stayed in the line and followed the others.

The sun was becoming brighter and they were singing now. It wouldn't last long, because after a stanza or two they would get too tired and walk again in silence. It was the song the young man with the unshaven face and the woman who wore short hair and mannish clothes had taught them at the Commissary. No one knew exactly what the song meant, but it made them feel bigger and warmer for a while. The young man and the woman had come from Ferrington to speak to them. They had told them that they must unite and fight against The Company. Lawyers were fighting for them in Ferrington. They had sounded so confident when they told about the workers all over the world rising and killing all Company Bosses and taking everything for the workers. The Company had said they were "Reds" and had chased them away. Now the men in the line sang the song they had learned. They couldn't remember all of it, but of the first lines they were sure:

"Rise, ye prisoners of starvation!

Rise, ye wretched of the earth!"

The girl with the thin, high-heeled shoes was Rosie. She was only sixteen, but the baby she carried was her own. She had had another one, but it died. When her father found out that the second one was coming he made Sammy marry her. Sammy had only giggled and slyly patted Rosie's thigh. Rosie had giggled, too. If she and Sammy were married she wouldn't have to

climb out the back window to meet him at night anymore. They went to live with Sammy's mother and his seven brothers and sisters, and were allowed to sleep in the back room with the two youngest girls and the fourteen-year-old brother. They were both used to crowds, so they didn't mind very much. The doctors who came from town had kept Sammy and Rosie in the little room longer than most of the others. Even if they had told the two that one of the long words written opposite their names on the chart meant "moron" and the other meant "syphilis-advanced stage," they would only have giggled and walked out. That was why they had thrown away the medicine that the doctors had sent from town. They didn't giggle now; they were hungry. Therefore, they just walked in the line as they were told, Rosie carrying the two-months old baby with the sightless and festered eyes, and Sammy pecking the spreading blisters on his lip.

The wretchedness did not stop with Sammie and Rosie. All of them—the thirty-two of them—were wretched. Jakie was hopping on the crutch his father had made for him. They had meant to take him to Ferrington to the clinic—meant to save his foot. Then The Company had cut the wages and the strike had come. Mano's six-year-old twins had turned black before they died. They had been hungry and had not known that the hunks of bread and meat they found had been poisoned to kill some prowling dogs. Tito's feet had been frost-bitten on the fourth day of the picketing. He had soaked them in hot water. Now he could only sit and watch. There was only a heavy senseless weight where his feet had been. All of them—the thirty-two of them—were wretched.

Only Tonito and Angelo did not seem to suffer. For eight years Tonito's parents

had waited for him to be like other children; then, they cast him off. Now he was twenty-seven. Angelo had cared for him all the years. He only sat and smiled at the piece of string dangling from his fingers. When there was food, Angelo fed him and when it was dark, Angelo put him to bed in the straw. Tonito did not seem to suffer. But Angelo was getting old. He could hardly walk on the cold mornings. They said he did not suffer, but how were they to know? He had prayed all the time. He told them it was wrong to try to force The Company to raise wages. "God is still our father, and He will provide," he had told them. They had laughed and gone to listen to the unshaven young man and the manish girl from Ferrington. They had answered that there was no God—Christ was a capitalist pawn—Religion was for the idle rich, The Company. Angelo suffered now. He could not understand why God did not slay those blasphemers; why he did not rain

down manna to feed the faithful. Could the "Reds" be right?

The mist had long since gone. The line had crawled around the restraining fence twice. Silently they tramped toward the Commissary porch where two thin women would serve the thin broth and black bread that constituted their morning meal. Some of them sucked on cold, rank pipes. There would be nothing more to do today. They would wander singly away, because no one wanted to talk. Tomorrow, they would march again. The next day, and the next, again and again it would be the same, until—

Somewhere from behind the Commissary Horko's voice came soughing through the still air:

"Rise, ye prisoners of starvation!

Rise, ye wretched of the earth!"

Someday he would know what it meant. Someday they would all know. But now, they would march again and again,—until?

NIGHT VOICES

By Ontee Cain

As a small girl I was always apprehensive of the dark. Every evening I had to walk a mile through a lonely woodland for our cow; as a rule, I returned with her only after nightfall. There was not a house between the pasture-land and our home, which stood at the edge of a thick pine grove. I was only ten years old when this task was first assigned to me, and my imagination had been filled with stories of witches, "hants," blood-sucking bats, and other nameless horrors that stalked in the shadows of the old grave-yard near our house. Only after years did I outgrow the terror of the dark that clouded my childhood. From fearing the night, I gradually became interested in her, and then I loved her. She and I have long been warmly intimate, and I believe she has

revealed more to me of loveliness than day has divulged. I have learned that night holds much of beauty; that she has voices which speak poignantly to the heart, as well as silences of mystic meaning. Always it seems that she is trying to show me something of the truth of the mighty trinity of existence—life, love, and death.

One of the most appealing voices of the night is the concert of the frogs. In the starlight, I pause by the creek to listen to their warning of the danger of walking through their domain.

"Knee-deep, knee-deep, knee-deep," chant the sopranos.

"Thigh-high, thigh-high, thigh-high," the altos sing.

"More-deep, more-deep, more-deep," the baritones warn.

"You'd better go 'round! You'd better go 'round!" booms the profound bass of the old bulls. Whenever I hear the frogs singing, I know that their hearts must be conscious of the spell of starlight on the water. When night sinks over the lonely marshes, when the lily pads are silvered over with moonlight that filters through the willows, all hearts, whether wild or human, have a way of lifting themselves in song.

Then, there is the melancholy voice of the owl that, once heard, forever after haunts one's memory. Have you never heard the weird gossip two of them exchange, perched upon a scarred old oak in the depth of the wood?

"Hoot-a-loot, hoot-a loot," one of them cries softly.

"Loot, hoot, loot," the other answers with infinite tenderness, the sound fading like dying music and drifting off into the far-away and the long-ago.

There is another night voice that has an especial charm for me. This is the sweet call of the whippoorwill. In its melting quality, there is a suggestion of gentle pain,

of brooding pathos. To lie at evening on a bare knoll, conscious of the friendship of the grass and of the nearness of the sky, and to hear the plaintive note of the whippoorwill break suddenly from the trees nearby, is to come close to an understanding of the Eternal.

A very different song of the night is furnished by the mocking-bird. It is late April, a soft darkness envelops the warm and fragrant world. The mocking-bird awakens. He does not rush into throaty song like a camp-meeting baritone. Consciously a master, he utters a few soft notes of prelude. Then a trill, that is abruptly broken. It is as if he is not yet sure of himself. Suddenly, a wild flood of melody breaks from him. There is joyousness, exultation in his song. The heart leaps up to meet this rapture and we are carried out, and out, past the strain and stress of our work-a-day world and into a realm of perfect fulfillment of all we hope to be.

Darkness and dewiness and solemnity mark the reign of night; but her voices speak to our spirits through the call of birds, through the stirring grasses, and through the chanting vespers of the trees.

A VIOLIN LESSON

By T. Emil Mazique

A few weeks ago, after having heard a virtuoso in a violin recital, I took my own instrument from the shelf where it had lain undisturbed for about five years, blew off the thick coating of dust, tuned the strings, tightened the bow, shook the kinks out of my fingers and bow arm, and firmly resolved to resume the lessons which I had dropped long ago. The next day, with the exalted idea that I might become a second Thibaud, I made an appointment with our violin instructor.

Twenty

I reported at the appointed time, certain that I would make a good impression. Surely, the simple lesson at the beginning of the second-grade book which the instructor handed me would be easy, for, had I not played work of even greater difficulty many times before? I was so sure of myself that I invited a young lady (in perfect honesty, I should say *The* young lady) to remain in the studio and to listen to my performance. I was sure I could further myself in her regard when once she had heard the music I would draw from my violin.

When, after much fussing with the bow and after striking my best pose, I discovered I couldn't play the simple notes set before me, I was seized with astonishment and chagrin. My fingers refused to obey my will; my bow arm was stiff. Even my posture was awkward. The sounds that "jerked" forth were enough to induce sleep—permanently. Such screeching and wailing was never heard except among the damned. The results of my effort were so vastly different from what I had anticipated that I scarcely dared to look at the young lady. In the middle of the fourth bar I did chance a glance at her and discovered a poorly concealed smile playing about her mouth. That unnerved me still more and my added confusion drew from the instructor a sharp reprimand. I tried to cover my embarrassment by laughing and murmuring some sort of excuse. I had only one consolation in

my extremity, and that was the fact that I had told the instructor I was only a beginner. Could I help it if he had given me a second-grade book?

My violin lesson was a tragedy. To my instructor, I was merely an over-ambitious pupil. To the young lady, I was a crestfallen, stammering, fumbling failure. I hoped she didn't remember my earlier assurance, for then she would have thought of me as a bragging fool, in addition. Well, you may be sure that never again will I invite anyone to hear me play. Girls are no good around a fellow when he is trying to do serious work, anyway. Somehow, they always gum up everything. That's why I don't care if that girl who stayed behind to jeer at my failure has gone and got herself another fellow. But just wait. I'll show her yet!

BINGO UNBURDENS HIS WOES

By Milton V. Seraile

Bingo, ladies and gentlemen, is merely a pup, scarcely more than five months of age. He is the pet of the campus and is owned by one "Gully" Carter, who is remembered hereabouts as something of a football hero. But Bingo doesn't owe his fame to his master's known ability to streak down the sideline for a touchdown; his is not a reflected glory at all, but belongs to him in his own right. You see, he is no ordinary dog, for he has been absorbing some of that "culture" one is supposed to pick up around Dillard. Don't be surprised, then, at Bingo's choice language and his sensitivity; for, when anyone spends five months at Dillard, as he has done, he is sure to show a remarkable change for the better. We remember him as he first arrived in our midst, a scraggly, whining little bag o' bones. Today, he is a strapping rascal and ready to assert his opinions on all and sundry occa-

sions and topics

Ordinarily, Bingo is an unusually jolly dog, but recently he has appeared most woe-begone. I have been perplexed by his recent mien and have wondered why he should be so sad. I have reasoned that he doesn't have to receive the low grades that are handed out around Dillard, nor does he have to worry about how he is going to raise his tuition for the next quarter. Indeed, his life is singularly free from the problems that attend the rest of us on the campus. Why, he doesn't even have to worry about his food and lodging like some of us; a succulent bone from the kitchen fortifies him for every emergency, and he can comfortably curl up on the sofa in the lounge of the men's dormitory without a care, provided, of course, that he keeps a weather eye peeled for Dr. Mason's approach. Being a sympathetic soul, I determined to find out the

cause of Bingo's sorrow and to remedy it if possible.

Strolling up to Bingo, I exclaimed: "Here, here, Bingo, none of that now. Why so sad?" To my surprise, he answered: "Well, my fran, I have just heard the most distressing rumor that ever assailed my ear." (You see! Bingo's diction is drawn from the classics.) He then waxed eloquent as he gave vent to his trouble. "Yes," he said, "the football season has long passed and Dillard's achievement, or the lack of it, on the gridiron has long been forgotten by all save those who take peculiar delight in gloating over her misfortunes. Perhaps, one must include the players who wore the blue-and-white among those who remember, for how could they forget the batterings, bruises, and twisted limbs they received from their foes? And now comes the rumor that they will receive no token of appreciation for their efforts in the face of overwhelming odds. No banquet for them; not even a letter!

What a swell way for a college to treat her athletes!

"It is highly commendable that Dillard is not following the stereotyped approach to athletics that some colleges follow, but while departing from the old-order, she should retain the finer things that were in that order. Well," Bingo concluded, "if conditions grow any worse I fear we'll have to put the chorus on the gridiron next year. Perhaps the enemy will have a spell woven over them by some haunting melody swelling from the throats of our singers; perhaps we shall yet see a fair soprano snatch a pass 'pitched' by a basso and run for a score."

With this parting shot, Bingo shuffled off, head bowed and sadly shaking, a drooping tail tucked forlornly between his spindly legs. I couldn't help wondering if Bingo's sorrow couldn't be dispelled by the welcome announcement of some award to the football men. It should be done. Couldn't it?

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The Y. W. C. A. has the distinction of being the only student religious organization on the campus of Dillard University. Since its coming to the campus late in November it has taken a place of leadership in religious affairs and has been prominent in social activities as well.

During the Mardi Gras season the "Y" gave the first masquerade party in the Refectory. The students appeared in a variety of costumes, some of which were very beautiful. Misses M. Huntly and E. Owens were the winners of the prizes awarded to the best maskers.

Early in March the Association conducted "Heart Sister Week" and through it served to bring together in friendship every woman on the campus with some other woman. Those who shared in this exchange of greetings and tokens were able to extend their

circle of friendships. The observance of the 'Week' closed with a Tea held in the parlor of the Girl's Dormitory.

With the beginning of the Lenten season the 'Y' inaugurated a series of religious services which are held in the Chapel every Tuesday and Thursday at noon. Each program of song and prayer has been carefully worked out and the services are proving richly helpful to the students who attend. An occasional candle-light prayer service is also conducted in the Girl's Dormitory.

The officers of the Y.W.C.A. for the current school year are: Ruth Steele, President; Mable Ward, Vice-President; Mary Lambert, Secretary; M. Jones, Treasurer; and Vera Powe, Reporter. The activities of the Association have been under the direction of Mrs. O. B. Mitchell, Dean of Women.

Once, when I saw
A very famous doctor
Living selfishly and content
With only thoughts of his
Own well being
Helping the stronger
And conceited men to rise higher
Because they could be of assistance
To him in his ascent;
Letting the weaker and more unfortunate
Suffer or
Fall;
Always marching in the lead,
With only those, who like himself,
Live in comfort
Yet he must see folk of little means
Each day—
Must talk to them and hear them—
When I saw this doctor
And when I realized how he lived,
I said to myself that
I'd rather have been a pale, common little weed
Living on a lonely road
Blooming only in summer
Lifting a weary, care-worn face to the sun,
Seeking and finding in summer,
Dying in winter
Knowing that other weeds
Like myself would come
And live and seek and find
And die
And so goes life.
Yes, I'd rather have been a weed
Than to have been this most proficient doctor
Self-devoted and secure.
I thank you.

Hildegarde Crozier, '39.

FRESHMAN ACTIVITIES

That the Freshman class is versatile is apparent to every one who has taken note of the activities that have been conducted on the Dillard campus this term. Since the very first month of school there has been a fine *esprit de corps* among the members of the class and already some of the members have written their names among those who have distinguished themselves at Dillard. Indeed, in some respects, the Freshmen have occupied a position of dominance in the affairs of the University.

Spurred on by the welcome hint from the Chapel platform that Freshman hazing by upper-classmen would not be expected at this school (our thanks to you, Dean Bond), we have accomplished much. Given the assurance that the University wished us to conduct ourselves like college men and women, and not like "stooges" for upper-classmen, we have been able to forge ahead in every activity. As we look back over the past few months, we are conscious of some failures, but we are also able to glory in some achievements which, we believe, have contributed to the growth of ideals on our campus. There is a splendid type of class-consciousness among the Freshmen.

Perhaps there has been no achievement that has so warmed our hearts as the neat little "lacing" we handed our Sophomore rivals on the gridiron just after Thanksgiving. Now, that *was* a battle, and though our opponents gave us a good, clean fight that day, we had enough superiority and class to send them home on the short end of the score. Just for good measure, the girls of our class showed the rest of the campus family how a team should be supported; their cheering that day serves notice that our varsity teams won't lack student support next year.

Twenty-four

When the Dean's "honor list" appeared at the end of the first quarter, it was again the Freshmen who captured most of the places on that list. We had to yield the highest ranking position to a Junior, but Freshmen crowded other competitors for a place in the sun far down the list. No reports of second quarter standings have appeared as yet, but we are confident that we will have maintained the pace we set in the first quarter.

In extra-curricular activities we have played our part with credit. Freshmen have played the leading roles in several productions of the Dramatic Guild with distinction. They have also taken solo parts in some of the performances of the music organizations on the campus.

Your Freshman at Dillard feels that he occupies a unique position in the University set-up. Three classes will graduate before we come to the end of our trial in Dillard, but we believe that we will be the first *real* Dillard class to graduate. She will have had complete and sole charge of our moulding and we are aware that the world will focus its eyes on us in a little different way from that in which it looks at those first three classes. It is this consciousness that makes us a trifle more serious than, we are told, the usual Freshman group appears. If we are right in thinking as we do, ours is a heavy responsibility and we must face it with added seriousness. If we are wrong, if we have been led astray by what our fellows here at Dillard have called our "bumptiousness", well—the added effort we have put into our work will not have been wasted. We will still be the BEST of the first four classes to have gone forth from these walls.

Eddie Tarver, '39

